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Z HOGAN

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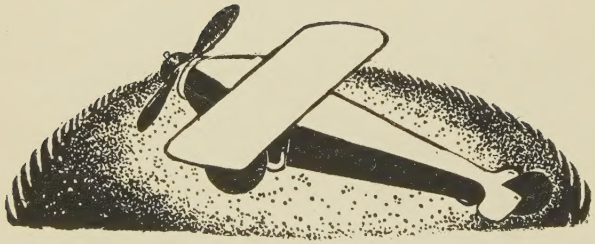

THE LITTLE TOY AIRPLANE

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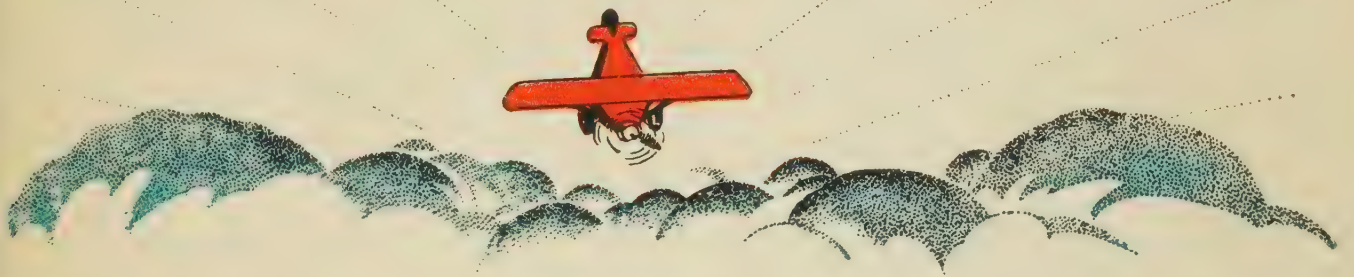

by

INEZ HOGAN

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THE LITTLE TOY AIRPLANE

"OO-ooh," said the little toy airplane, "it's getting dark. The children have forgotten all about me and I shall be left out all night. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

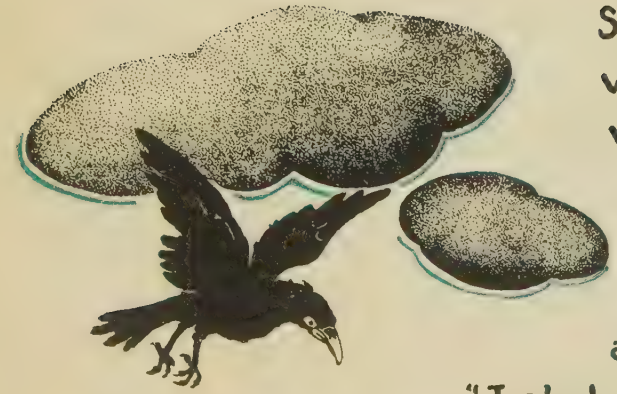
"Well, what can you do?" said an old black crow as he flew down into the yard

"I ought to be able to fly," said the toy airplane "but every time the children toss me up into the air, I fall down to the ground with a bump. Soon I shall be all broken up and then I'll never grow to be a great big airplane and learn to fly."

"Haw, haw," laughed the old crow, who was very wise. "You're only a toy. You'll never grow up. Baby crows grow to be big crows but toys don't grow."

"Surely," said the little airplane, "I'm not made just to be broken up by children."

"Perhaps," answered the crow, "you can learn to fly. You have wings and you have a tail, that's all you need. I know all about flying. I'll teach you."



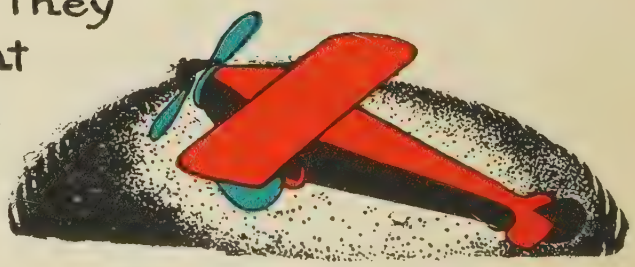
So the crow spread his wings and showed how it was done.

And by the time the moon was bright in the sky, the toy airplane was flying all around.

"Isn't it fun! Isn't it great!" he shouted. I'd like to fly over the moon. The cow

jumped over the moon. Do you think I should leave the children? They paid money for me. I belong to them."

"Oh caw!" said the crow. "They left you out all night did'nt they? Come along with me, I want to show my friends what a queer bird I've found."



"All right," said the toy airplane, "you start ahead. I'll take off and follow. You see I have to run along the ground on my wheels to get a good start."

"I'm glad you know what those wheels are for," said the crow, "would'nt I be funny with wheels?"

"Then he flew up, and the toy airplane whirled his propeller and taxied along the ground for a good take off. His first long flight! How exciting!

The moon lighted everything up so that it was easy to follow the black crow up and up, on and on.

After a while the old crow lighted on a tree.

"I can't land on a tree," shouted the toy airplane. "You have claws to hold on with and I have only wheels. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Keep straight ahead," called the crow. "Land in the field. I'll call my friends, and meet you there."

Soon they were all together. The crows gathered around the little toy airplane, all talking at one time.

"Caw · caw · caw · caw · caw."

"What a queer bird!"

"Can't you fold your wings?"

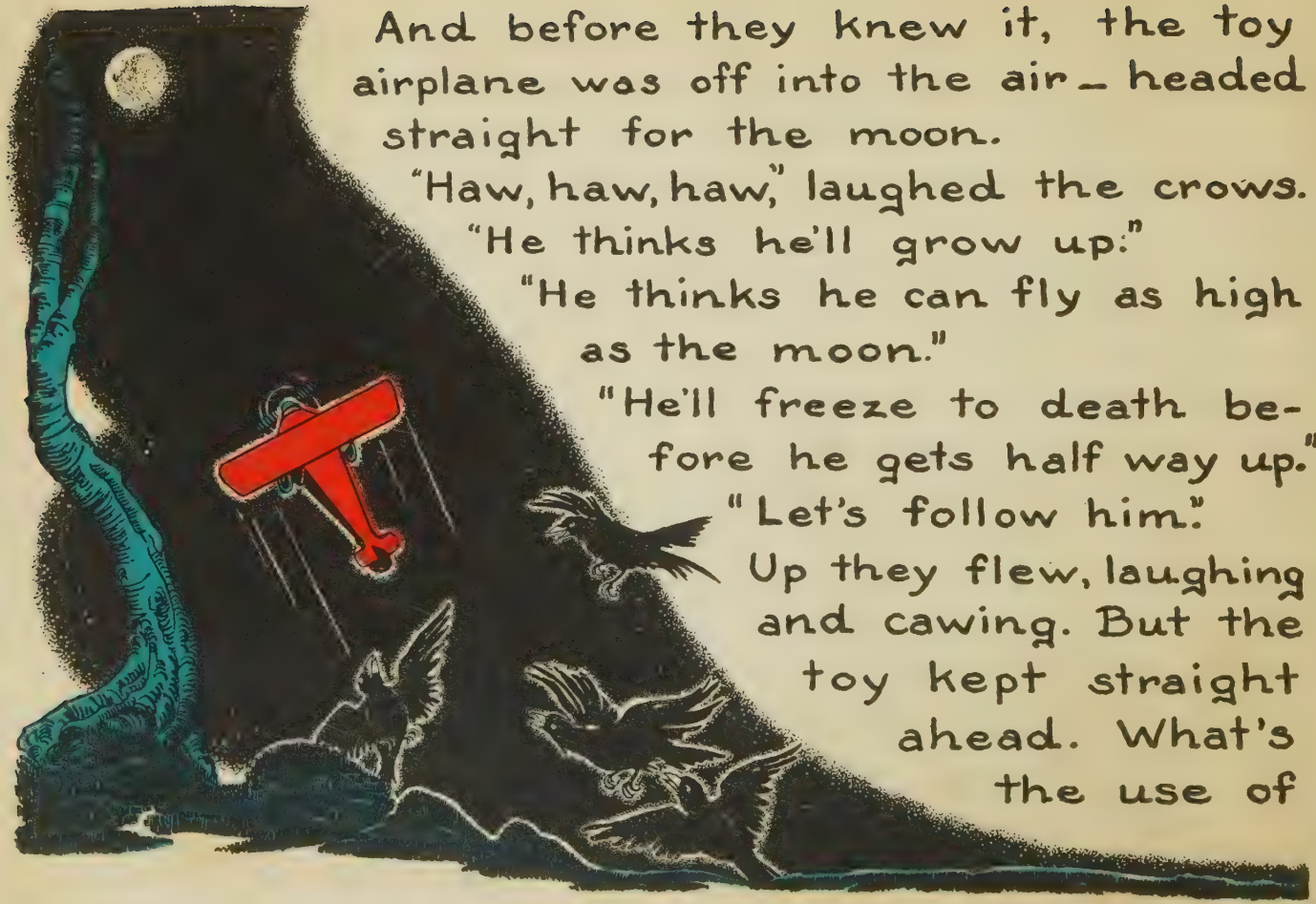
"Where's you're bill?"

"Don't you eat worms?"

"No," said the toy airplane, "I'm never hungry. I have no stomach to fill."

"What do you do?" they asked. "No worms, no stomach! Do you sleep?"

"I fly," said the little toy airplane. "I'd like to fly over the moon."



And before they knew it, the toy airplane was off into the air—headed straight for the moon.

"Haw, haw, haw," laughed the crows. "He thinks he'll grow up."

"He thinks he can fly as high as the moon."

"He'll freeze to death before he gets half way up."

"Let's follow him."

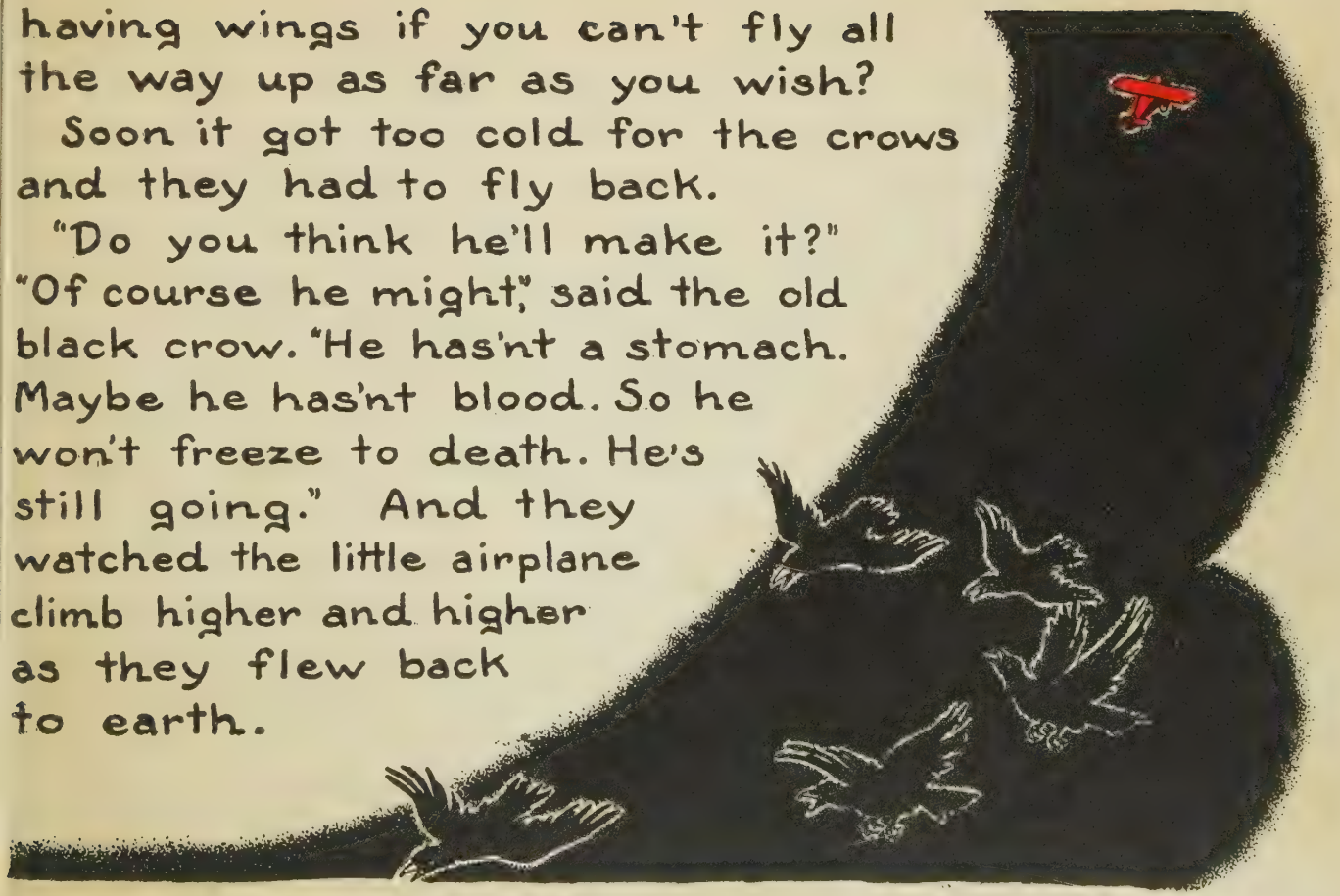
Up they flew, laughing and cawing. But the toy kept straight ahead. What's the use of

having wings if you can't fly all the way up as far as you wish?

Soon it got too cold for the crows and they had to fly back.

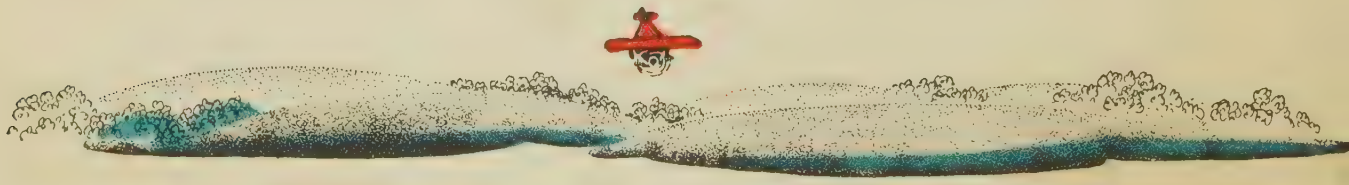
"Do you think he'll make it?"

"Of course he might," said the old black crow. "He has'nt a stomach. Maybe he has'nt blood. So he won't freeze to death. He's still going." And they watched the little airplane climb higher and higher as they flew back to earth.



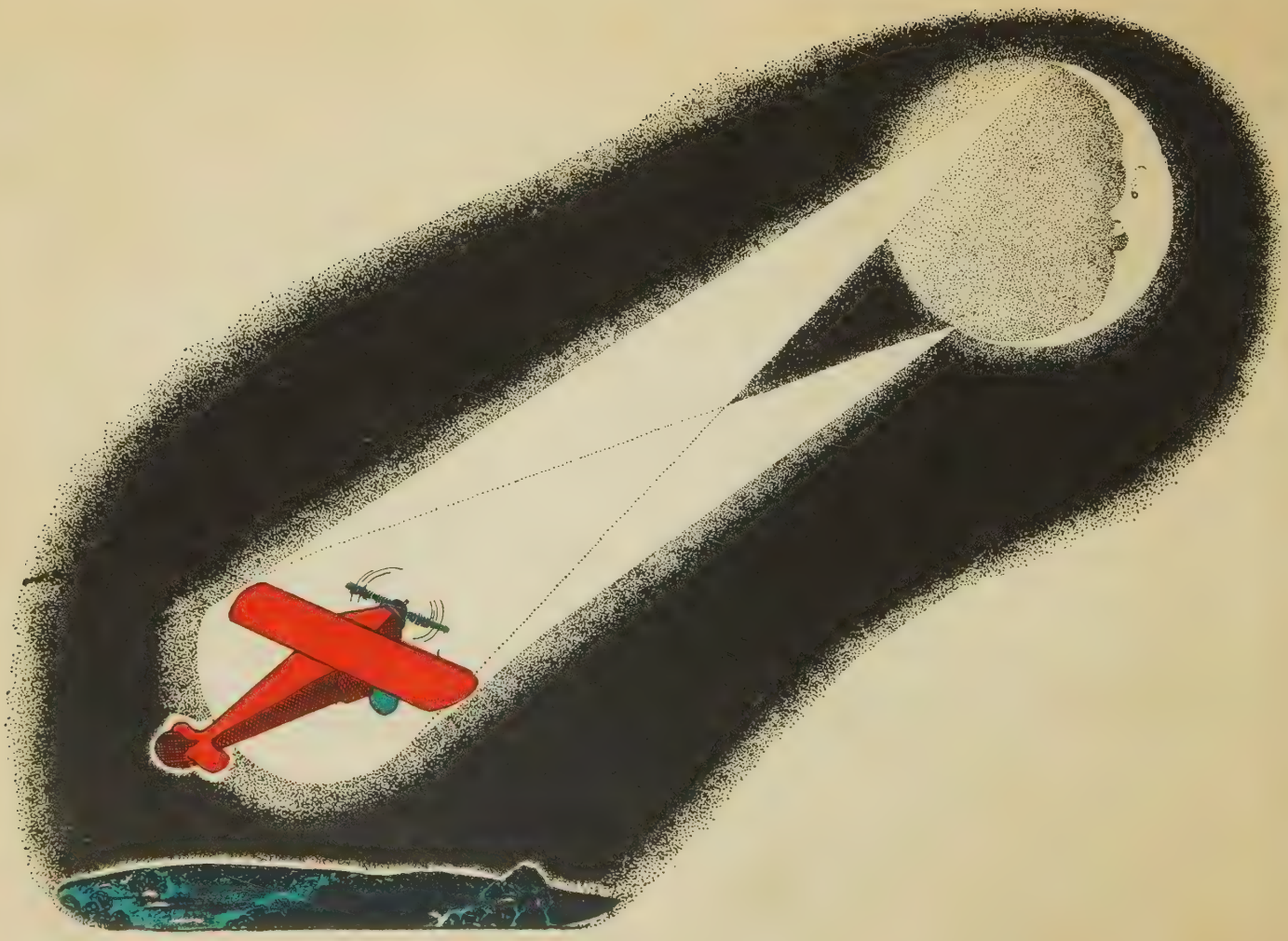
Now the man in the moon had seen every-
thing that happened and he sent moonbeams
like tiny searchlights to guide the little air-
plane on his way.

Up, up, up, flew the toy. He hadn't thought it
was quite so far. It looked so near when



he was on the earth. But he kept his nose pointed straight up and up and up.

"I'm getting nearer every minute," he thought. "I mustn't give up now. The man in the moon is wiser than the crow. He'll tell me whether I'll grow up to be a big airplane or not."



"Hello!" shouted the man in the moon as the toy airplane flew over him. "What did you fly up here for?"

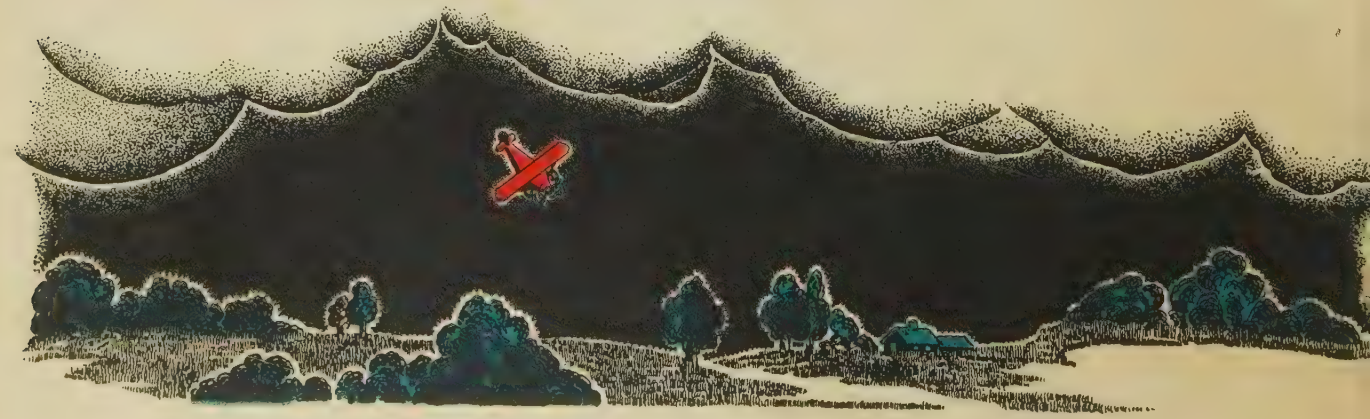
"I came to see you, sir," said the little airplane, "I want to know if I'll ever grow up to be a big airplane?"

"Well, well," said the man in the moon. "You're a pretty fine toy, but you'll never grow any bigger. No, no, little fellow, you'll always be a toy. You should belong to some little boy. He'd take care of you. That's what you're made for."

"Well," said the toy airplane, "I did belong to a boy and he just threw me around and left me out all night. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Fly," said the man in the moon, "just fly. Fly until something happens."

So the toy airplane did fly and on the way back to earth he was very sad, because now he knew that he would never be a big airplane. He was thinking so much about himself that he didn't notice how near earth he was getting until . . .



he crashed right into the branches of a big tree!

"Oh oh!" cried the toy airplane, "I'm caught, I'm caught. I'll never get out of these branches. I'll just stay here and rust. All my shiny red paint will wash off in the

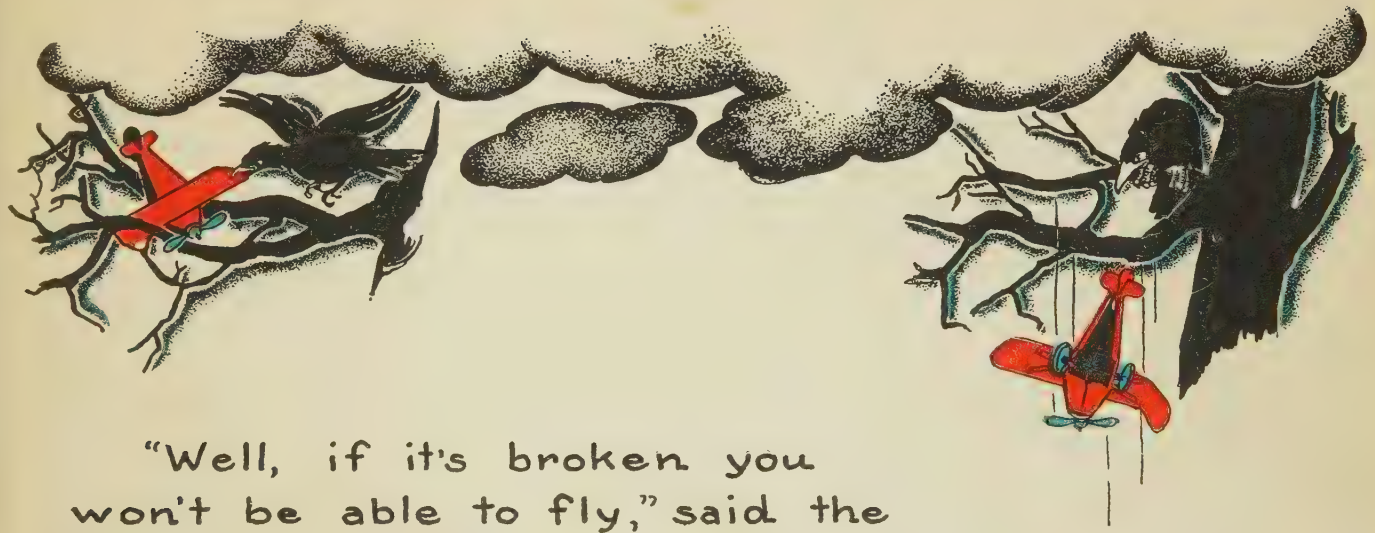
rain. I'll never be able to fly again. I'll never be anybody's toy. There's no one to take care of me··no one to pull me out of this tree.
What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Just then the old black crow flew into the tree. "I've been watching for you," he said. "What's the matter? Is your wing broken?"

"I don't know," said the toy airplane.

"Doesn't it hurt?" asked the crow.

"I can't feel," answered the toy.



"Well, if it's broken you won't be able to fly," said the crow. "I'll pull you out of this tangle and we'll see."

So the crow pulled with his long bill until he got the little toy airplane loose.

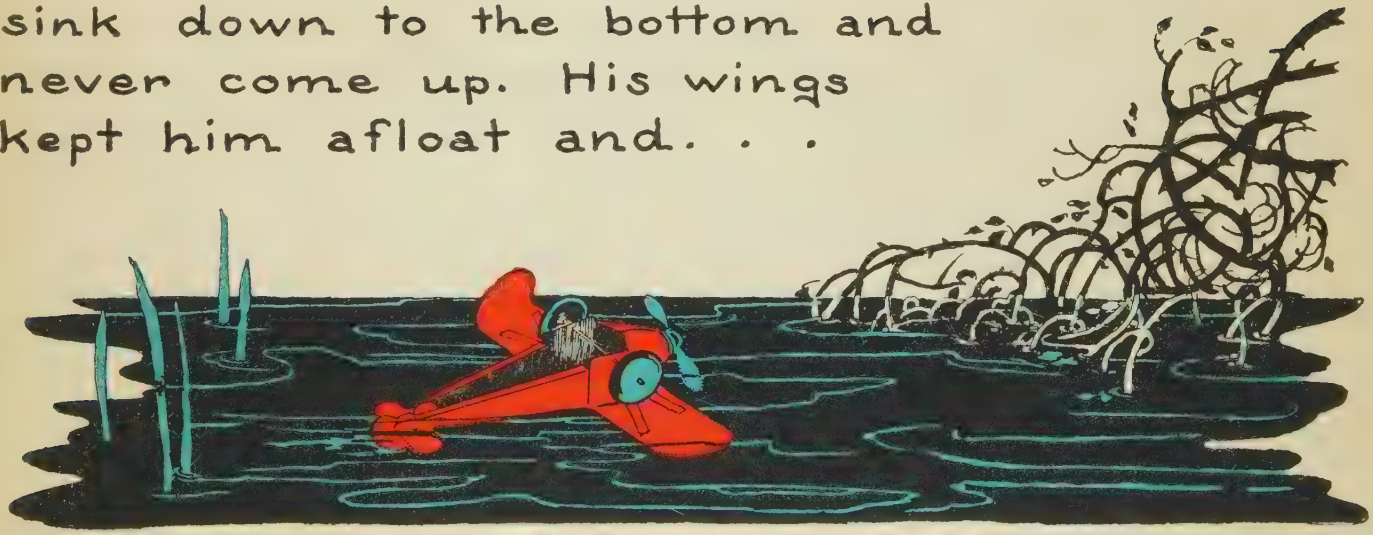
Then instead of flying he began to fall.

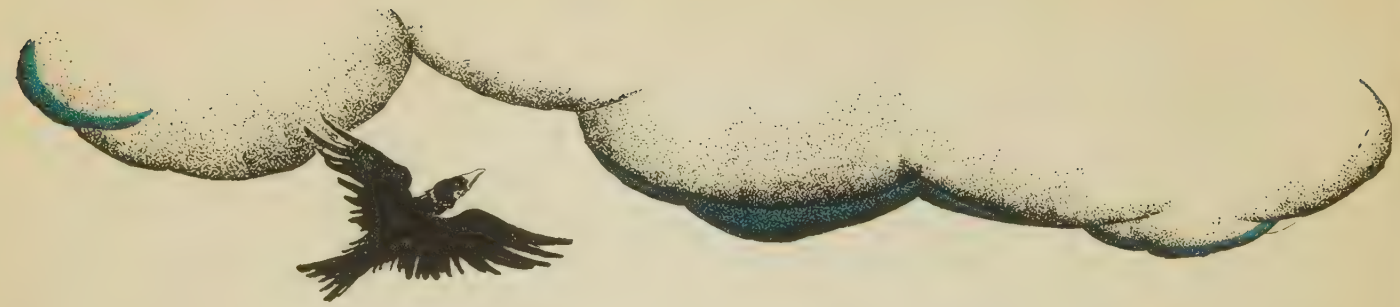
"Help, help!" he cried as he spun 'round and 'round through the air. "I guess my wing is broken. I can't fly."

Down, down, he fell, but, instead of crashing on the hard ground and smashing to pieces, he landed in a stream of water.

"Too bad," shouted the crow. "Now I can't help you. I don't know how to swim. The stream will carry you along · · · if your wings keep you afloat · · · or you'll sink down to the bottom and never come up. Too bad!" called the crow as he flew away.

But the little airplane didn't sink down to the bottom and never come up. His wings kept him afloat and. . .





the stream carried him right along until he was caught in some sticks and leaves.

"I'll never get out of this," he thought. "I wish I belonged to some nice little boy who would take me out of this water

and mend my wing. I don't want to be a big airplane. I'm only a toy. But I don't want to stay here and rust.

Where is the man in the moon?
He isn't in the sky any more.
What shall I do?
What shall I do?"

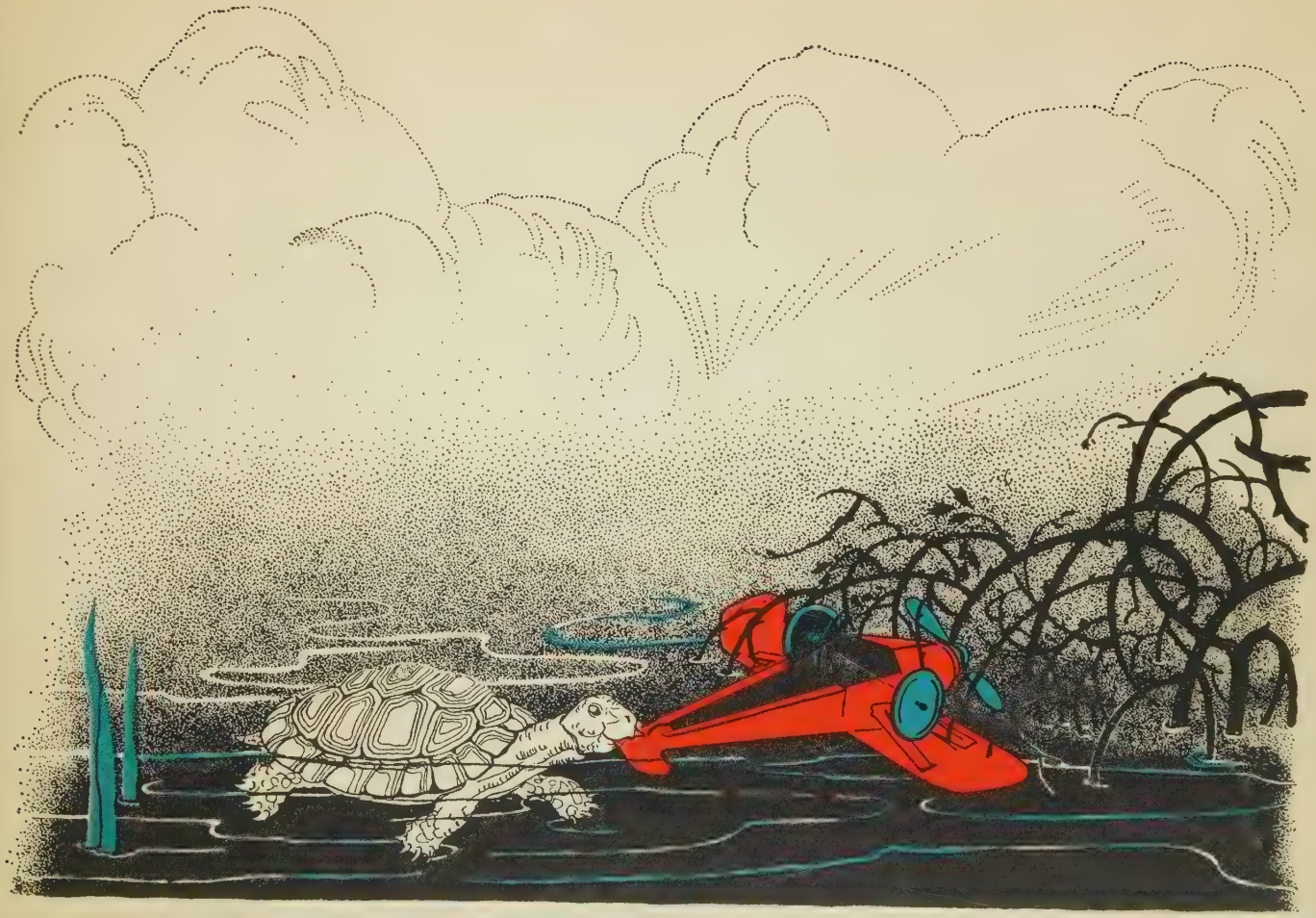
"What can you do?" said an old turtle as he crawled out from under a rock

"I could fly," said the toy airplane, "but my wing is broken, and I'm caught in these sticks so I can't move."

"I'll pull you out," said the turtle, "I can swim, and I'm strong, too."

"Will you? Will you?" cried the toy airplane "Then the sun will dry me and I wont rust."

"The sun will soon be up" said the turtle, as he tugged at the little airplane to pull him loose.



And sure enough by the time the sun peeped over the hill the toy airplane was safe on the grass talking to the turtle.

They had become great friends. The little airplane told the turtle all about learning to fly, and about the crows and his visit to the moon.

"If I only had someone to fix my wing I'd be as good as new and I could fly. I'd show you how I could fly... just like a big, real airplane. But I'm only a toy. I'll always be a toy... and

I should belong to some nice little boy."

"I know a little boy," said the turtle, "who hasn't any toys at all and so he plays with me and anything else he can find in the garden."

"Perhaps he'll find me!" cried the toy airplane. "Wouldn't that be great! I'd be his first toy and I'd be the finest toy a boy

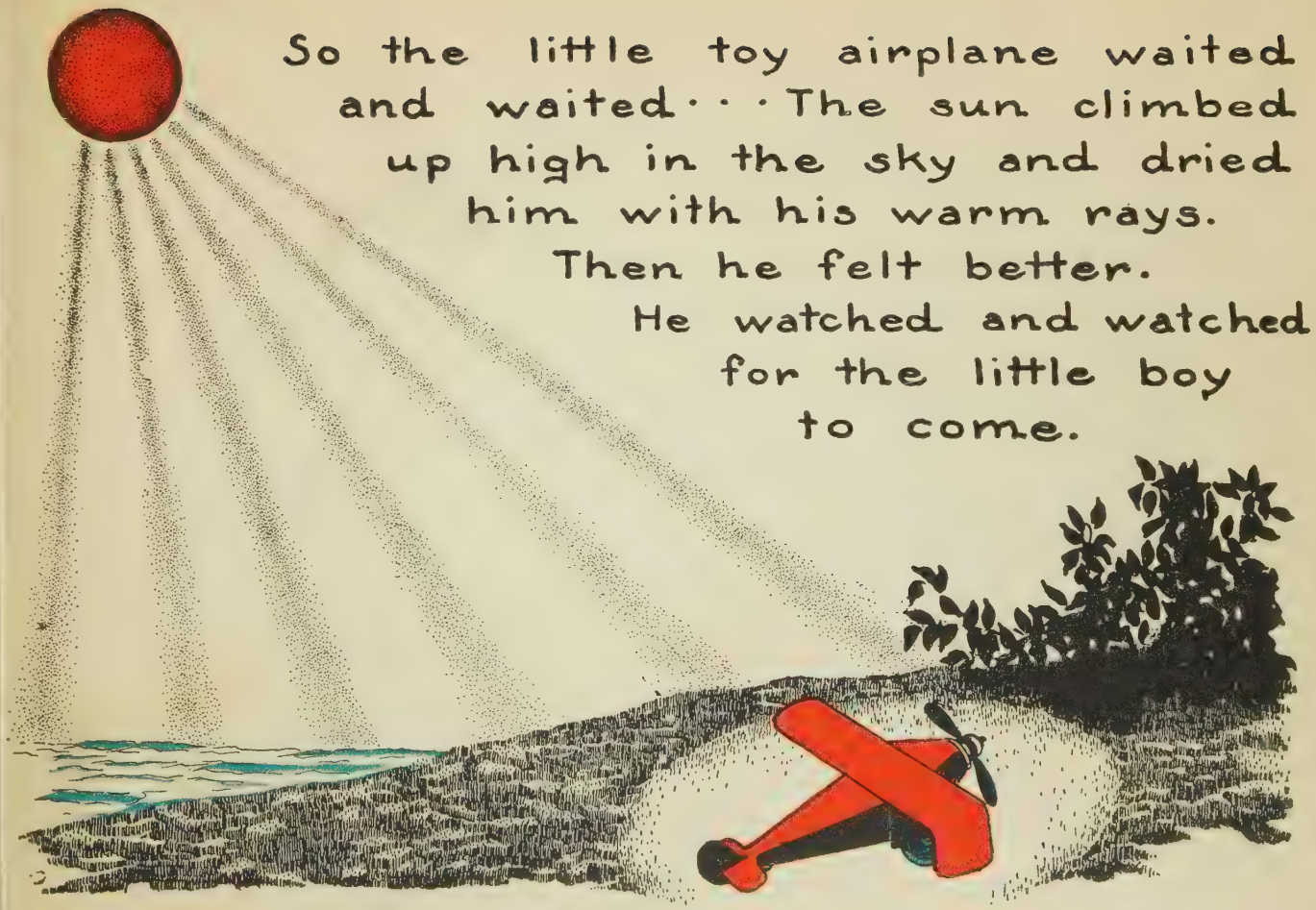
ever had, after he mended my wing. Do you think he could find me?"

"I don't know," said the turtle, "maybe I could lead him here. He sometimes follows me for a long way, just to see what I'll do."

"Go ahead! Try!" He'll follow you. I know he will."

"I'll do my best," answered the turtle. "But you may have to wait a long time. You see, I'm very slow. Sometimes he gets tired of following me and runs away. But I'll do my best to bring him here," said the turtle as he crawled slowly away, over the hills.

So the little toy airplane waited and waited · · · The sun climbed up high in the sky and dried him with his warm rays. Then he felt better. He watched and watched for the little boy to come.



Then he heard a noise in the water. "Perhaps," he thought, "a bad boy will find me and break me up before the turtle comes back." And he rolled under the leaves so no one could see him.

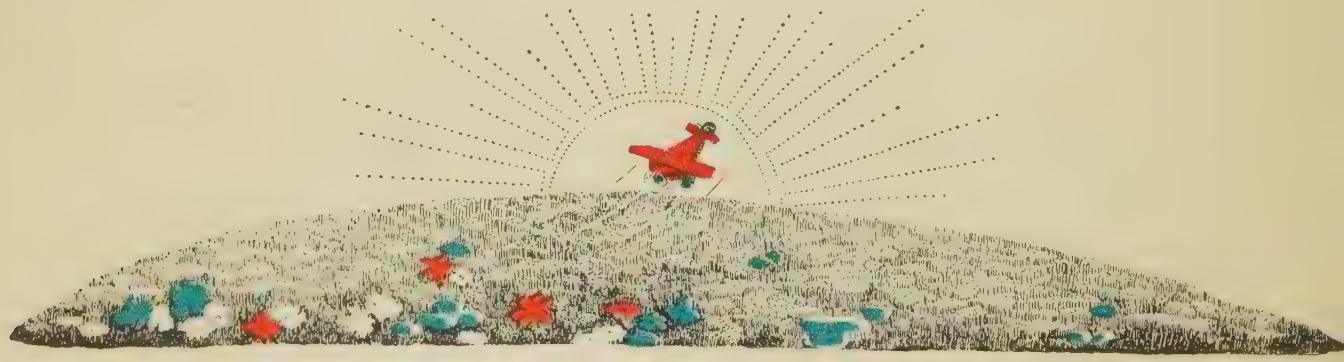
Some children were wading in the stream. But they didn't find the toy airplane. He could peep at them but they couldn't see him. He lay there all day waiting and waiting. It grew dark and the moon came out and the little airplane waited

The next morning things began to happen. First the sun peeped over the hill. Then the toy airplane heard a crackle of sticks and a rustle of leaves. He peeped out. There was his friend the turtle coming straight toward him and behind him was a little boy.

The toy airplane rolled out from under the bushes so that his bright red coat could be easily seen.

Then there was a shout of joy. "Oh see what I've found! a toy airplane, a shiny red one, almost as good as new. The wing is broken, but I can fix that."

"Gee!" thought the little toy airplane, "now I'm found. Now I belong to a boy, a good boy too. Just wait until he mends my wing. I'll show him how I can fly. I'll be the finest toy any boy ever had."

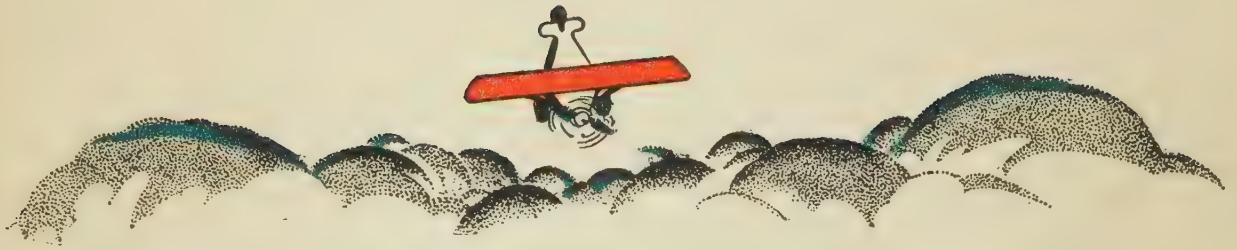


So the little boy carried his new toy home and mended the wing carefully.

"There," he said, "it's as good as new. I wish I could make it fly like a big airplane."

Just then the toy whirled his propeller, taxied along the ground and took off into the air.

"Look!" shouted the little boy. "It can fly!"



No other boy had a toy airplane that could fly by itself and all the children came to see it.

It looped-the-loop, went into a tail-spin and zoomed. The children shouted with joy.

"It's the most wonderful toy in the world!" they said.

THE END

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The Little Black and White Lamb

Sandy, Skip and the Man in the Moon

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